

**[Any Other Way](#) by [Luddleston](#)**

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**Summary:**

He was probably going to be stuck with this obnoxious wizard for all eternity and he wouldn't have it any other way.

## Any Other Way

### Author's Note:

So I'm basically just spewing headcanon I've had about these dweebs for the past five years of my life.

I've never been able to put my finger on their relationship and I still haven't, but I'm working on it, okay?

Also, Kurogane who doesn't have a mechanical left arm after everything is my favorite and Fai who can be a sarcastic little shit is my favorite Fai.

Despite what Mokona seemed to think (and very vocally announce, as Kurogane remembered from one occasion that resulted in the creature being defenestrated from a second-story window), Fai does not kiss him very often.

And here's where the opinions of white balls of fur with ears and paws and a mouth continue to fall flat, because Kurogane does not kiss Fai very often either.

He doesn't know why, and it has never bothered him because he doesn't like kisses, much less from people whose lips always taste like candy (and he knew he never should have let Fai get that one flavor of lip balm back then because he uses it every day now). It was just how things were, Kurogane said resolutely. Tomoyo told him he had the temperament of a five-year-old when he said over tea the last time they were in his dimension that kissing was disgusting.

His response was a very clever, "well you should know."

He was still proud of that comeback.

It wasn't so disgusting with Fai, though, as long as Fai wasn't wearing the stupid Chapstick. Kurogane called Fai lazy about a lot of things, like the

fact that he orders Kurogane to go get drinks for him when he doesn't want to get up, or how he doesn't get out of bed until long afternoon when allowed to do so. But possibly the laziest thing about Fai is the way he kisses, slow, like there's nowhere else in the world he has to be.

Of course, sometimes there is somewhere else in the world (or another world, he can't keep track) they have to be, but Fai has this kind of patience that's almost apathy, as he conveniently forgets whatever they're supposed to be doing when it benefits him.

Even that can be kind of nice, though, but Kurogane would never admit it. He hates when Fai makes anyone late for anything, even though he should be used to it by now.

Still, though, he could count the times they've kissed on one hand (which is good, because he only has one hand). There was the first time, right after everything was done, when he woke up in Clow, and Fai straddled him in his bed and kissed him out of pure relief that they were alive and he'd been startled even though they'd been going down the road to this point for months. It wasn't great, not even good, because he'd been too surprised to kiss back even though the night before all of it went down in that twisted alternate version of Clow, he'd pulled Fai to his chest and tried not to poke him with the mechanical arm while they slept.

The second time was when Fai was in a tree. Kurogane had yelled for him to get down now, idiot, before you fall out of it and break something, but the moron kept jumping around like some kind of bird. Finally, he flipped upside down and grabbed Kurogane's face. It was as clumsy as anyone could expect from kissing upside down, and there was also the problem that Fai fell out of the tree halfway through. Kurogane caught him, but it was hard with only one arm and they both fell to the ground, Fai laughing like it was the most hilarious thing that had ever happened to him.

The third and fourth times were both in worlds where life was calm, everyday, and they were staying in normal houses with bedrooms. Fai liked to share Kurogane's bed, which was obnoxious because he was cold and tended to roll around in his sleep. And steal all the blankets. But before all of that hellishness, he'd insist on long, lingering goodnight kisses.

That part wasn't so bad.

Fai was in the living room now, quiet for once. He was sprawled out on the couch, all limbs as always, a book between his spindly fingers and a pair of glasses he'd picked up in the previous world perched on the bridge of his nose. Kurogane sat down heavily on the couch next to him.

"What are you reading?" he eventually mumbled, because he'd discovered he couldn't stand the silence. Fancy that.

"It's a play," Fai said, "it's stupid. It's about thirteen-year-olds who fall in love and then their families hate each other so one of them fakes her death and the other one thinks she's really dead and he kills himself because he can't live without her and then she wakes up and finds him dead and offs herself too."

It's amazing how much more candid and calm he was now. None of the ridiculous giggling. Kurogane liked that. "I can understand the sentiment, though. Not wanting to live without someone."

"Do you not want to live without me?" Fai asked, putting the book down and shifting so that his back was against Kurogane's chest. They sit like this often. It's comfortable. Kurogane wrapped his arm around Fai's waist.

"Not really, no."

Fai made this little clucking noise with his tongue, like he was pleasantly surprised. "Hum. That's sweet," he said, sounding so matter-of-fact that Kurogane tensed the arm around his midsection just to startle a sound out of him that wasn't so nonchalant. "You're sweet," he said, like he was surprised by that.

Kurogane snorted derisively. "When I want to be," he corrected.

Fai tilted his head up so that his face was tucked under Kurogane's jaw, nose nudging against the spot he'd forgotten to shave this morning and lips pursing just enough that it's not really a kiss, more just the face Fai makes when he's thinking, but in contact with Kurogane's body.

“Well, you’re not sweet,” Kurogane pointed out, prodding Fai’s hipbone with his thumb. It was true, Fai wasn’t sweet at all, he just faked it well. He was cynical sometimes, and sarcastic, and catty. Kurogane loved that side of him, because it was the most real thing about him. He could be compassionate, yes, but not sweet.

Well, excepting his taste, of course.

“I don’t want to live without you either,” Fai said, sighing and tossing his arms up, bringing them down behind Kurogane’s neck and rubbing at the back of his head. It’s almost patronizing, but only because of how much Fai says he’s a puppy. But it felt nice so he was kind of torn. “Hey,” Fai nearly whispered, dragging him out of his conflict between smacking the wizard’s hands away and leaning into his touch. His arms slid back down, ending the mental debate, one of his hands going to rest on Kurogane’s cheek. “Do you love me?”

Kurogane just knew Fai felt him go red at that, and he smacks his hand away in reproach. “I... Would you... You’re stupid,” Kurogane protested, and Fai just laughed and it’s that dry, bitter, cold laugh of the person who’d never had a “yes” in answer to that question.

“That’s what I thought,” Fai said, and it’s infuriating because that wasn’t what Kurogane meant, he just feels like he’s been hit with a shovel whenever Fai asks those kinds of stupid questions, practically meant to back him into a corner where he had to do something he swore he’d never do or disappoint this man who had flounced into his life in that stupid fluffy coat with those stupid nicknames and made him fall in love.

Disgusting.

Kurogane grabbed Fai by his ponytail and pulled his neck back to kiss him, not like the lazy, almost bored kisses Fai always favors, where he just seems like he’s in it because it feels kind of nice. It only lasted maybe five seconds because it was an awkward, uncomfortable angle, but Fai grabbed his hand in both of his and buries his face in Kurogane’s neck as soon as it was over.

His shoulders shook a little. “Are you crying?” Kurogane asked, surprised.

Fai, as it turned out, was laughing, and he laughed even harder at that. “I can’t believe you actually fell in love with me,” he said like it’s some kind of huge joke.

Kurogane rolled his eyes. “Well it’s not like you’re denying feeling the same way.”

“Of course I’m not, I love you more than life itself,” Fai said, sliding down so that his head was in the middle of Kurogane’s chest, and the way those words tumbled out of his mouth so easily was infuriating and stupid and beautiful.

At least one of them could say it.

“I know that. You need to stop almost dying so often,” Kurogane remarked. “And your lip balm still tastes gross.”

“Live with it,” Fai sighed, and Kurogane had no idea whether he was talking about the near death experiences or the lip balm. Or both. It was probably both. He put his hand in Fai’s hair, gentler this time, because he was trying to learn to be gentler even though he was really bad at it.

“Hey,” Kurogane said a few seconds later.

“What now?”

“I... you’re stupid.”

“Love you too, Kuro-tan.”

He was probably going to be stuck with this obnoxious wizard for all eternity and he wouldn’t have it any other way.